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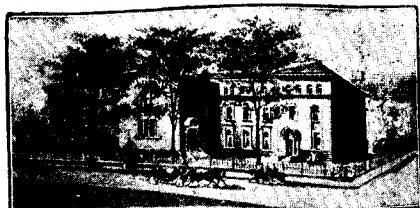
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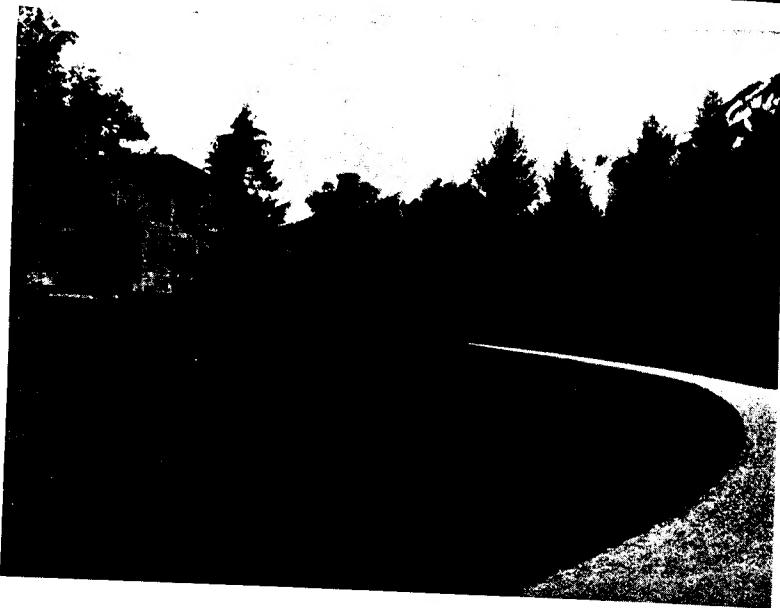
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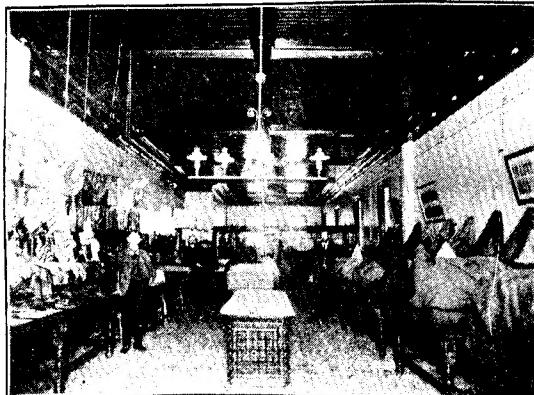


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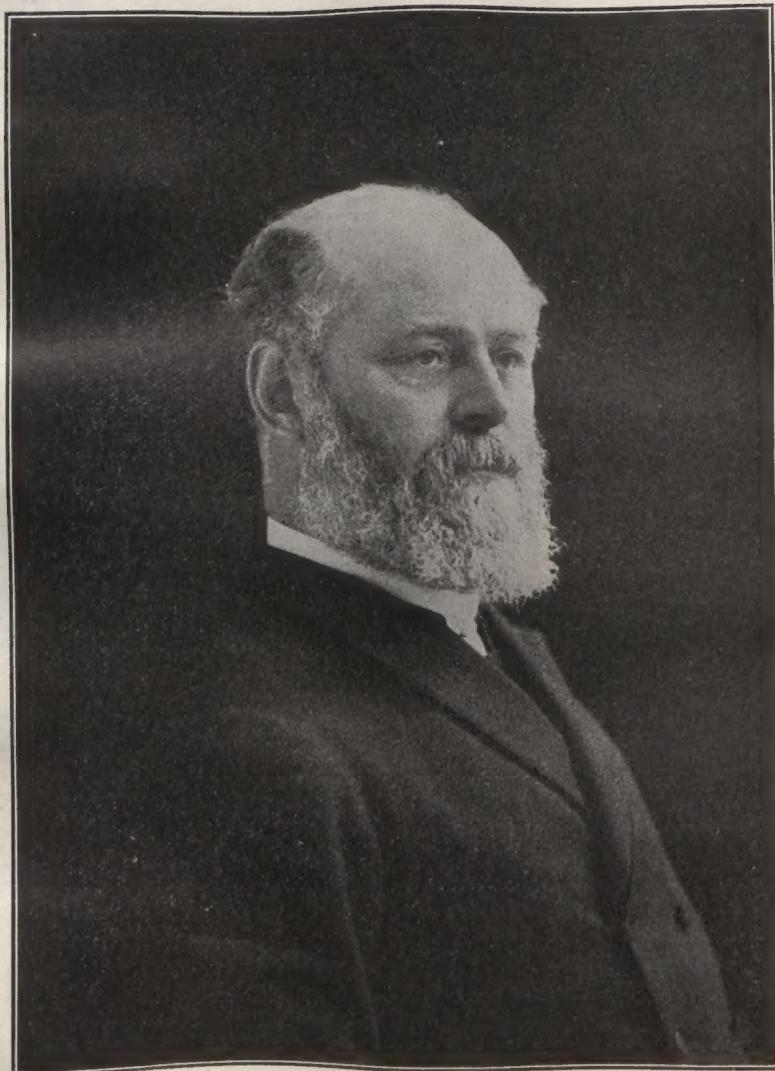
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# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL



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## LITERATURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(A paper read before the Inspectors at the meeting of the Ontario Educational Association, April, 1902.)



THE value of good literature consists in its subtle enlargement of our whole nature, in sharpening the powers of observation, widening the sympathies, clearing the thought, deepening the affections, and purifying and exalting the sense of reverence. Value, also, of a more direct and valuable kind, it has, in enabling us to know something of the daily doings of one of the foremost nations, and in expressing ourselves intelligently in speech or writing. But not for these subordinate reasons alone, good enough though they are, should more time and attention be spent upon our literature; but on the ground that it contains, not perhaps for every pupil, but certainly for many of them, the clearest, fullest, most attractive, and compelling picture of what is best in the world. For a child to get its hand on such a treasure is in a very real sense to guarantee its future, to give it the best chance for the most enduring kind of enjoyment, to make him know what life really is, and to establish his faith in the goodness of the Divine Being.

I have no intention of underestimating the literature of other languages,

which are broadly of the same value to the young people who speak them as ours is for us; only that the limitation of the subject excludes all reference to foreign literatures, ancient and modern, except incidentally to translations. If any child has the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of French or German, it would be a mistake not to seize it, but the mother tongue first—yes, first the mother *tongue*, because the art of speech and hearing comes before the art of reading, and the child should be well out on the broad highway of English literature before he is able to read at all.

A.

But it may be well in the very first place to seek to be convinced afresh that an acquaintance with English literature is a necessary part of a public school education. If belief is strong on that point, it will not be difficult, I think, to discover means.

That English literature is necessary for the edification of children is the dogma I wish to advocate, and by means of a series of illustrations drive home.

(1) The wide literature which is concerned with nature, for instance, is a splendid means for inspiring a child with a love of natural objects. The

picture on the wall or in the book is not to be despised; indeed it is deplorable that the pictures in our reading-books are so wretched, and the walls of our school-rooms so bare. Properly selected pictures work very powerfully, though insensibly, on the child's mind. But in literature, prose and poetry, especially if supplemented by good pictures, the child is brought into contact with the world of nature, and always in a way to draw out its sympathies. Nursery rhymes are an indispensable beginning, I am persuaded, embodying, as they do, a profound and yet simple outlook on the world of natural things, and indirectly leading a child to love these things and treat them in the right way. Even sad rhymes, like Cock Robin, purify and enlarge the child's feelings. Nursery jingles, then, begin the process of education by which the child passes out of the smaller into the larger world. Foolish as they seem to be, their folly is the folly of love and joy, not the folly of ignorance, and they make a good foundation for subsequent scientific study. Of course in these merry verses animals are made to speak like human beings, and Ernest Sefon-Thompson has rejected that plan of portraying the animals' mind. But it does not materially concern us here as to the method employed, whether it be that of Seton-Thompson or that of Kipling, the great thing is that by different roads different writers arrive at the same goal, namely, to awaken in the young a cordial and intimate interest in all living things.

(2) Now very soon, indeed, literature in the stricter sense of the word can come to the assistance of the nursery tale. Long before the child can read for himself, or read only with labour, it

should be familiar with such a beautiful poem as Blake's "Little Lamb, who made thee?" and many other similar wonderful object lessons, so that its heart may be right before it needs expressly to think and know. This process of building up the pupil's sympathy really never stops and is of the widest application. The power of true poetry here is of the most curious and far-reaching kind even for adults. We are all able, for example, to enjoy to some degree, the delightful scenery of merry old England, its hedge-rows and spring flowers, although we may never have seen the land with our bodily eyes. The daffodil, in full bloom at the present moment in our hot-houses, has already put on all its glorious array in the open air in the home of our fathers, daffodils, says Shakespeare,

That come before the swallow dares,  
and take

The winds of March with beauty.  
(Winters Tale, IV., 3.)

Talk of the magic Eastern carpet which was able to transport you in a trice to distant shores; there is no magic to equal that of the poet's wand, which is able in the twinkling of an eye to unload the spoils of these shores at our very feet. Surely it is a great matter, even from this simple point of view, to have the little ones grow up to be citizens of the whole empire, even though it be their lot to live in its remotest corner.

(3) As the years pass the child begins more or less consciously to form ideals. The boy, who wants to be a man, is thinking in his own way of what a man is; and the girl, too, is forming her idea of what it is to be grown up. At this stage literature has a decided though mainly indirect part to play. The time has come when biography

of a right kind will prove a fascination, when the tale of heroism and adventure will stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet, and the sensitive youth will weep with sheer delight in the greatness of noble men and women. It is fortunate for him if at this critical and formative period of his life he is not left to the uncertain guidance of accidental reading or the spiced unreality of the dime novel. Such poems as Browning's "Incident of the French Camp," "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and "Herve Riel," (which I wish I had time to read aloud to you), many of Scott's tales of heroism in prose and verse, and other stories of moving accident by flood and field, are his proper nutriment. From these the boy learns to play the man, when the danger may be of playing the coward; he sees the great difference between manliness and bluster, and the girl the vast gap between real and spurious charm. The child has a compelling vision of superhuman powers beckoning him to a worthy manhood.

(4) Then, for I must hurry on, still later, at a time when he is about to enter the High School, and for a year or two afterwards, what a treasure is an acquaintance with Shakespeare, whose women, to select only one side of his varied work, are the most glorious assemblage ever convened within the covers of a single book. A boy or girl, whose mind has been imbued with Shakespeare's ideal of woman, is not badly prepared to face whatever temptations may be in store. I wish I could take time to draw even brief pictures in Shakespeare's own matchless words of Perdita, the winsome shepherdess, in the midst of her beautiful flowers, herself the fairest; of modest Imogen, wandering over the Welsh mountains,

in quest of the harbour of Milford Haven, where her husband was expected to land, and asking her guide,

"How far is it  
To this same blessed Milford? and by  
the way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy,  
as  
T' inherit such a haven"; (Cym. III,  
2.)

of self-forgetful Miranda, prompted by plain and holy innocence to share in her lover's heavy labour; of the merry Beatrice, bound to laugh even when the tear stood in her eye; of Cordelia, whose sincere love for her father was "more richer than her tongue"; of the grave and maidenly Portia, understanding so well the nature of mercy as better than the throned monarch's crown; of charming Rosalind, amongst the antique oaks of Arden, who

"Of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised;  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts

To have the touches, dearest prized," who, like other of Shakespeare's beautifully feminine women, knew to preserve her modesty, though clad in the male attire of doublet and hose. Nothing startling, fantastic, or unnatural in any one of these women. In no line of Shakespeare concerning them is there to be found the hot breath of the modern sensational novel which so frequently blights all interest in life's daily tasks. Everything here is pure, fresh, wholesome, and of consummate delicacy. Neither the boy or the girl, who loves these women of Shakespeare, will be apt, I think, ever to break a mother's heart.

(5) Lastly, let me observe that underlying all great literature there is a religious lesson, which reaches the mark all the more effectually because it is

not obtruded, the lesson that envy, jealousy, pride, hatred, lust, meanness, selfishness, greed, are not good and cannot establish themselves in men's minds; and that what is true and right, however it may be obscured or suppressed for a time, will be acknowledged at last. Richard III and Macbeth may seem to be successful in gaining a throne by wickedness, Iago in constructing and carrying into effect his plot of villainy, but the success is only on the surface, and its terrible failure is disclosed, as manifestly as if "thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting" had been written on the wall. Such a conception, although not consciously grasped by the child, is yet vividly felt, and its influence will secretly make for sobriety and reverence. Here, too, I cannot suffer myself to dwell on the refining, chastening and subduing power of great tragedy, even for the pupil, whose chief, or indeed sole, conscious interest is in the mere tale. It is marvellous how the plot, simple though it is, brings into the open light the secrets of the human heart and holds them up for inspection. Even the casual reader is not wholly oblivious to the fact that he, too, is in some way being judged, as well as the persons in the drama. In daily life we are, it may be, often at a loss to distinguish between what is really good and what really evil, what noble and what ignoble, but in the unrolling drama of Shakespeare we find the clue to all mystery and confusion. There we have light; there the superficial and base are seen in their exact proportions; no mawkish sentiment creeps in there; there is no evasion of the laws of life, no shirking the inevitable consequences of a deliberate choice. Yet even the tragic climax is understood to

be beneficial. The surgeon's knife heals while it cuts, and we close the last page of the story, fortified in our conviction that chastisement, however grievous it may seem to be, is after all but the other side of a love which never fails.

In these tremendous revelations of the human mind there may be little direct reference to God or to what we commonly call religion; but none the less are we, as it were, taken behind the curtain and shown the judgment passed upon men, and rash indeed would he be who would maintain that in getting a direct look into this mysterious chamber of justice and love we did not see the hand of the Eternal Spirit in whom all things subsist.

## B.

(1) Before passing to ask how to teach English literature to public school children, let me notice two false trends in our education here. There is a movement, more or less widespread, to introduce into our elementary schools the direct study of abstract moral and social ideas. Now, such a movement rests on a misapprehension of the way in which the child's mind necessarily works. It can be inspired by a noble example long before it can take any interest in the abstract ethical principle. The child will love Santa Claus and Christ long before he can be interested in the ideas of love and self-sacrifice. Give the child enthusiasms, faith, inspirations, hopes, ambitions; give the little hero-worshipper a hero, and reflections and ideas will come in due season. The child's mind is something like a vast granary, in which many things, as yet only half understood, are stored away as food for future thought. Only it must be

our care to fill this store-house with good food and not with poison.

(2) There is another wrong trend, which is perhaps the prevailing one amongst ourselves, to which I must refer briefly—and this is the view that the child is only a child, and that its mental nourishment should be quite different from that of grown people. It is only because of such an opinion that many extracts in our public school reading books could possibly have found a place there. If it be wrong to turn straight

"Learning's full glare on weak-eyed ignorance"

then it is "worse yet," (as Browning says), to

"leave weak eyes to grow sand-blind  
Content with darkness and vacuity,"

(*Asolando, Development.*)

Yet we adopt this "worse" plan, when we place in our primary reading books prose and verse which are by grown people regarded as childish.

(3) The true view is always to give the child the best, remembering both the child's actual mental state, and also that he is father of the man. So, in reading Shakespeare to a boy, we need not be concerned whether he understands the moral and religious ideas interwoven with the plot; and yet it is of extreme consequence that the right ideas should be there. He will not understand them, in any accurate sense of understand, yet is his mind deeply coloured by them. To look on a beautiful picture or a fine building is an education. The process is one of absorption, not of direct reasoning or understanding, and our concern is that the sponge, which is the child's kind, shall absorb good things.

Writers on this subject have long been familiar with the true method of education. In 1869, in *MacMillan's Magazine*, Miss Yonge, in discussing children's literature, recognized the child's capacity to apprehend and enjoy imaginatively what lay beyond the scope of his purely intellectual faculty; and a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct., 1901, p. 131), quotes her words with approval. The beauty of the plan is that interest in the animal world, ambition to be great and good, belief that all's right with the world, because God's in His heaven, these feelings mix, so to speak, with the blood, before he comes to consider them reflectively; and when he does come to consider them he is in no more danger of discarding them than of discarding the sun out of the sky or his heart from his own breast. In this way, and perhaps in no other, the teacher may succeed in forming noble characters. Browning's poem on *Development*, from which I have quoted already may be adduced as supporting the whole contention. His words run as follows:

*Development.*

My father was a scholar and knew Greek.

When I was five years old, I asked him once,

"What do you read about?"

"The siege of Troy."

"What is a siege, and what is Troy?"

Whereat

He piled up chairs and tables for a town,

Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat—Helen, enticed away from home, (he said)

By wicked Paris, who couched some where close

Under the footstool, being cowardly,

But whom—since she was worth the  
pains, poor puss—  
Towzer and Tray—our dogs, the At-  
reidai—sought  
By taking Troy to get possession of  
—Always when great Achilles ceased  
to sulk,  
(My pony in the stable)—forth would  
prance  
And put to flight Hector—our page  
boy's self.  
This taught me who was who and what  
was what;  
So far I rightly understand the case  
At five years old; A huge delight it  
proved  
And still proves—thanks to that in-  
structor sage,  
My father, who knew better than turn  
straight  
Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ig-  
norance,  
Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow  
sand-blind,  
Content with darkness and vacuity.

It happened two or three years after-  
ward,  
That—I and playmates playing at  
Troy's siege—  
My father came upon our make-be-  
lieve.  
"How would you like to read yourself  
the tale  
Properly told, of which I gave you  
first  
Merely such notion as a boy could  
bear?  
Pope, now, would give you the pre-  
cise account  
Of what, some day, by dint of scholar-  
ship  
You'll hear—who knows?—from  
Homer's very mouth.  
Learn Greek by all means, read the  
"Blind Old Man,

Sweetest of singers"—tuphlos, which  
means 'blind,'  
Hedistos which means 'sweetest.'  
Time enough!  
Try, anyhow, to master him some day:  
Until then, take what serves for sub-  
stitute,  
Read Pope, by all means!"  
So I ran through Pope,  
Enjoyed the tale."

Browning goes on to describe how  
the boy passed from the English transla-  
tion to the original Greek and then  
tackled finally the theories of Wolf  
and others, who abolished Homer al-  
together, and how then, when grown  
up, he moralized on the plan pursued  
by his father:—  
Suppose my childhood was scarce qual-  
ified  
To rightly understand mythology,  
Silence at least was in his power to  
keep:  
I might have—somehow—correspond-  
ingly  
Well, who knows by what method,  
gained my gains,  
Been taught, by forthrights not mean-  
derings,  
My aim should be to loathe, like Pel-  
ens' son—  
A lie as Hell's Gate, love my wedded  
wife  
Like Hector, and so on with all the  
rest.  
Could not I have excogitated this  
Without believing such men really  
were;  
That is—he might have put into my  
hand  
The "Ethics"? \* \* \*

The "Ethics": 'tis a treatise I find hard  
To read aright now that my hair is  
grey  
And I can manage the original.

At five years old—how ill had fared  
its leaves!

In this poem Browning says all that I have been seeking to say, and more, because he asserts not only that it is good for children even at five years of age to know something of Homer, but also that a way must be found. Now, in support of this demand for a way, and in order to test the merit of the idea I conducted myself a series of experiments to which I take the liberty of briefly drawing your attention.

Believing that all pupils in public schools understand what is read to them much better than they could understand it if they read it or tried to read it for themselves, I prepared a portion of Shakespeare's *As you like it* for a reading to cover about three-quarters of an hour and read the selections to two Senior IV classes in Kingston public schools. The words were entirely Shakespeare's, except only where a brief explanation was required to bridge over the gaps. Immediately after the reading the pupils were asked to write out for themselves the story of the play, and according to the teacher the little essays were exceptionally good and clear. The ability to write the essay proved that the pupil had intelligently followed the reading, although very few, if any of the pupils could have made much progress if they had attempted to read the work for themselves.

I carried on the experiment in the Junior IV class, reading to it an abridgement of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, with results quite as satisfactory as before, proving that pupils at least one year away from the entrance examination could appreciate such long poems as those of Scott. In this case the reading covered half an hour.

Once more, to a Senior III class was read Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a reading extending to perhaps twelve minutes, and even from this class very good written exercises explanatory of the story were received. Thus a class more than two years away from the entrance examination was able to derive benefit from great English poetry.

Let me supplement these experiments by another and extremely interesting one carried on by a student of Queen's University, when teaching in a county school in Renfrew. I give you his experience in his own words:

Kingston, Ont, Feb. 21st, 1902.

I had felt for some time that the public school afforded much greater opportunities for opening up the field of literature than teachers were generally aware of. Taking charge of an ungraded school in the spring of 1900 I resolved to find out by experiment what progress could be made within a year towards developing a taste for good literature among the pupils, and leading them to read for themselves. It was an average country school with a fifth class of five pupils. With the exception of some three of four families, the people of the section were almost entirely ignorant of literature of any kind, so that the material to work on was as crude as could easily be found.

The first requisite was, of course, a library in the school, so that the pupils might have access to the books at any time. Having secured a small sum of money, we selected first the books from which extracts are taken for the fourth and fifth readers, then a number of other books by the best authors, until we had a library of eighty-three books in all. One of the pupils was elected

as librarian for the term and the library was managed within the school, on much the same principle as a public library.

Our chief object was to teach the pupils to like to read. This, we thought, could be best done by arousing an interest from the study of a selection in their reader, that would lead them to read the remainder of the book from which the selection was taken. For example, in the study of a "Scene from Ivanhoe," we read in the fourth class passages from other parts of the book dealing with the character of Prince John and Locksley; also other passages of particular interest describing the customs of the time. Then I would refer them to certain passages to read for themselves for the next day, always giving them some definite object to keep in view while reading. In this way sufficient interest was aroused in nearly every case to lead some members of the class to read the book through.

When the book was simple and not too long, as for example the "Christmas Carol," I would refer to it a week or two beforehand, announcing when we would take it up for study, and would ask the scholars to read the book through, if possible, before that time, paying special notice to the development of Scrooge's character. In this particular case all in the class read the book through and showed appreciative interest in discussing the character of Scrooge in the class afterwards.

In the fifth class, (continuation class, composed of pupils who have passed the entrance examination), there was more freedom and scope. Here, in most cases, some time previous to our study of any extract, I would give the

pupils a very brief outline of the book from which the extract was taken, and ask them to read it for themselves. In, I think, every instance, some of the class read the book through, and in a few cases four out of five pupils did so. In this way they read, among others, "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Talisman," and "The Merchant of Venice."

Besides these already mentioned, quite a number of other books from the library were read by pupils of the third class, as well as the fourth and fifth classes. Sometimes on Friday afternoon I would read extracts from a book, say, "Old Mortality," or "Westward Ho," and perhaps give them at the same time a kind of outline sketch of the whole book. I would then recommend those who were interested in it to get the book from the library and read it for themselves. In every case in which this was done, some of the pupils read the book afterwards.

On the whole, from the success of our experiment there during the year, I am quite convinced that the pupils of a public school are much more capable of learning to read and appreciate good literature, than teachers have hitherto been aware of; and that there is here an opportunity of opening up the world of literature to many who must otherwise continue to live outside that world.

Another valuable feature of this experiment was that many of the parents and young people of the section used to read the books that the children brought home, and in this way became more closely associated with, and more interested in the work of the school, besides the greater benefit derived directly from this reading (one family reading "Heroes and Hero-Worship,"

"Sesame and Lilies," and even "Sartor Resartus").

R. A. WILSON.

This experiment of Mr. Wilson I regard as interesting and conclusive. Many of you will be able, I think, to find in your own practical experience confirmation of these facts. Only, my point now is to focus these scattered experiments and make them tell. Hence, it is suggested that English literature should be a definite subject in public schools, and especially in the three highest grades, and that the plan of reading aloud by the teacher should be enjoined. The teacher will be benefitted by this scheme, since no teacher can with any degree of success read aloud what he has not studied beforehand with considerable care. If the teacher is improved as well as the pupil, it will be a two-fold gain.

But can the teachers do this work? Our answer is "Yes," because they are already in part doing it, some of them entirely on their own initiative. Only it must be admitted that in many cases the teacher's own knowledge is too meagre to allow of his prosecuting the work to the full extent of his desire. Hence, I am prepared to make a second suggestion, namely that a greater amount of English literature should be required of second-class teachers. It is nothing short of disgraceful that we should regard ourselves as giving the public school teacher sufficient equipment in English, if he has never been required to open Shakespeare. How can he be expected to teach intelligently if he has studied nothing but Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"? In some collegiates, it is true, a large amount of English literature is read in a general way, quite apart from the requirements of the department. Principal Ellis has furnished me with a list of

the works read by pupils in the first three years in the Collegiate Institute of Kingston, and the defective standard for second class is greatly atoned for by the outlined course (which I have here in my hands). But even more might be read, and certainly a larger amount critically studied.

I launch no general scheme of reform in connection with our school system, but confine myself rigidly to one special matter, namely, as to the means by which our public school pupils can be more generally awakened to an interest in good literature, and I find the answer to that question in the two-fold suggestion:

(a) That it be a regular part of the daily time-table for the teacher to read aloud from the acknowledged masters of English prose and verse those works or portions of works adapted to the child's mental power, and

(b) That the requirements in English literature for second-class certificates should be at least doubled, and should always include some work or works of Shakespeare.

S. W. DYDE.

It was with much regret that we learned just after the Xmas vacation that Prof. McComb had left for Halifax, to take charge, for the present, of the work of Dr. Gordon, in Systematic Theology. One especial reason for our regret was that his absence involves the postponement of his series of Sunday evening addresses on "The Theology of the Nineteenth Century," of which he had just delivered the initial number. However we hope to hear the other numbers when he returns. A more extended reference to the circumstances of his departure may be found in another column.

## Queen's University Journal

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## Editorials.

THE action of the Senate in arranging for the early installation of Dr. Gordon, will be warmly approved. The authorities of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, where Dr. Gordon was Professor of Systematic Theology, showed their appreciation of his services by endeavoring to retain him in Halifax as long as possible. At an official meeting in December it was decided to release Dr. Gordon for the Queen's Principalsip the first of March, and this decision was given out to the press. In the meantime the Senate of Queen's had decided to propose to supply Dr. Gordon's work at Halifax, leaving him free to come here; and the telegram conveying this proposition reached Halifax only a little too late to effect the decision of the Board of the Presbyterian College. Subsequently the offer was accepted, and Dr. Gordon now announces his early arrival at Queen's. Dr. McComb will take Principal Gordon's lectures at Halifax, leaving his flock here to roam at their own will through

Church History and other delectable fields. This fresh disturbance of the programme for Theology is unfortunate, but the interests of the University as a whole have quite properly received first consideration. And every one must have felt it to be a little incongruous that the Principal of Queen's should continue lecturing in a distant city to a single class, while a thousand students here were waiting for their chief.

COLLEGE spirit is strongly characteristic of the typical Queen's student. College spirit implies loyalty to college institutions; sympathetic interest in the fortunes of one's Alma Mater, and a desire to maintain her dignity and reputation at home and abroad; and a sense of fellow-feeling among students. College spirit is, no doubt, the result of a combination of causes. A Principal great enough to influence university life strongly at all points, an able professorial staff, organizations which involve for students a community of interests, the necessity for making sacrifices for one's college—all these and other conditions are causes of the growth of college spirit.

There is first a danger that with the development of material resources the spirit of loyalty and unity may become weakened. Even the separation of the various faculties in different buildings may have a tendency to relax the old bond. Signs of wealth, too, give the impression, an impression perhaps unconsciously received, that the University has now passed beyond the stage when sympathy and sacrifice are necessary. Such has been the course of feeling in many universities; and we need only point, by way of illustration, to the difficulty experienced by a sister

university in the effort to raise funds, through the private benefactions of alumni and others, for a Convocation Hall. Another Canadian University is casting about for some means of reviving the decadent spirit of unity. A homely adage has it, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Better seek to retain college spirit while we have it fresh and vigorous than allow it to die away through disunion and neglect, and afterwards endeavor by means of faculty caps, students' clubs, gymnasia, and residences, to bring it back to life.

Those who are desirous of preserving and promoting the characteristic Queen's spirit should seek to make the A.M.S. a true bond of union. The men who urged that it was desirable to have representatives from all the faculties in the executive were quite right. And regarding the higher offices in the gift of the society, it is wise to pass them around, and so avoid making them the monopoly of any one faculty. Furthermore, if the A.M.S. is to be worth while, its deliberations must receive a larger share of attention than has been accorded recently. The elections over, the average student too often lapses into a state of indifference with reference to the business of the society, the result being that for all practical purposes College affairs would prosper as well in the hands of a general committee of a few representative men, as under the present form of administration. A student who is truly loyal to the University will seek to inform himself with regard to the course of things, and so be able to take an intelligent part in the deliberations of the society. More general discussion would not only be beneficial to the individual student but would

have a good influence in reducing the number of matters now referred to committees without anything like a thorough canvass.

But the A.M.S. is only one of a number of considerations in connection with the matter of college spirit. Other features will readily suggest themselves to those interested in maintaining what is so obviously necessary in the effort to realize university ideals.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Considering the delay in connection with the last issue of the JOURNAL, subscribers might well be excused for imagining the demise of the editors.

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We are gratified, but not surprised, to hear of the honour lately done Professor Shortt by the Canadian Club. Prof. Shortt was the guest of the Club on the evening of December 5th, and addressed members and visitors for more than two hours on important commercial questions. The address was an exceedingly able effort and elicited much applause.

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We take pleasure in acknowledging Professor Dyde's article on Literature in Public Schools. Lovers of Shakespeare will find this article worth while irrespective of its main theme. A list of Mr. Wilson's "library" will be furnished on application.

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We are indebted in this issue to Dr. J. R. Shannon for an interesting contribution under the heading "Queen's Men in New York." Dr. Shannon, B.A., '85, M.D., '90, Queen's, is practicing medicine in New York. Accompanying Dr. Shannon's article was a list containing thirty-nine names of Queen's men in New York.

The reference to the New York Society reminds us of the Queen's club recently formed in Toronto. It is on the programme of the club to fit up a chapter-house in the city, where Queen's men may always be sure of finding birds of their own feather. The club will be associated with the present Queen's Alumni Association of Toronto.

It is regretted that owing to an oversight the last JOURNAL contained so few references to the festive season just closed. We hope that the omission did not detract from the joys of Christmas reunions, and that home and mother and plum-pudding were more than sufficient to dispel any impressions of editorial ungraciousness.

#### QUEEN'S MEN IN NEW YORK.

THE sons of Queen's who have located themselves in the great American metropolis and its vicinity, and who are organized under the name of "The New York Society of Queen's University, Canada," held their first annual dinner on the evening of December 10, 1902, at the Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn, and the event passed off with success. The chair was occupied by Dr. John R. Shannon, the president of the society, and around the festive board were twenty-two Queen's men and their guests. An invitation had been sent to Professor N. F. Dupuis, acting-Principal of the University, who, unfortunately, was not able to be present, but sent a courteous telegram of greeting. Dr. James Douglas, the first president of the society, and now the president of the Canadian Society of New York, was also prevented from attending by unavoidable absence from the city; but

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, president of the New York Graduates Society of McGill, supported the chairman on the right, while at the centre of the table sat Rev. Charles Cameron, favorite of all Queen's men of a decade ago, and now the pastor of a prosperous Philadelphia church. The entertainment committee, consisting of Dr. Wm. H. Rankin, Dr. Jas. F. Kirk, and Dr. F. H. Bermingham, provided a most excellent dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed, after which the chairman offered the toasts "The King" and "President Roosevelt," which were received with honours. Dr. Shannon then made a short address, in which he made feeling reference to the late lamented Principal, gave some statistics of the University's remarkable growth since Dr. Grant took the helm, hoping for a continuance of its success under Principal Gordon; reminded his hearers of the objects of their little society, and counted on their co-operation in making a success of it, and closed by asking the company to drink a toast to "Good old Queen's." "Here's to Good Old Queen's" was then sung with gusto, after which "Charlie" Cameron—as the boys insisted on calling him—arose and delivered the speech of the evening, referring in eloquent language to the success of Queen's men abroad, to the high qualities of mind and heart of the great Principal who has left us, and recalling with tender reminiscence many interesting events and names connected with his undergraduate days in Kingston. The guests gave Mr. Cameron a warm reception, and many were the stories that circulated around the board bearing upon some event, humorous or tragic, illustrating the career of Charlie Cameron in and around

Queen's. Dr. Nelson returned thanks for pleasant allusions to McGill and a toast in its honour, and Mr. Geo. H. Ling, of Toronto University, did a similar duty on behalf of his Alma Mater. Dr. R. D. Freeman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who was present as a guest of the president, favoured the diners with two songs, "Father O'Flynn," sung as only an Irishman knows how, and another. The members of the entertainment committee were toasted and voted "jolly good fellows," and responded modestly. Dr. Wright gracefully represented the ladies, and the evening's festivities were brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The menu card was decorated with the University colours, the college cheer, and a verse of one of the late George Cameron's poems:

"Bring back once more the fruit and flower,  
The early morning glow,  
And give me for a single hour  
The days of long ago."

It may not be inappropriate to add that the "New York Society of Queen's University, Canada," was organized at the call of the late Principal Grant in June, 1900, and that its objects are (1) to arrange for one or two gatherings of the Queen's men in the greater New York and its vicinity during each year for social intercourse, and (2) to assist in some small way, from time to time, the work of the University. The society is still in its formative stage, but it is hoped in a very short time to have all the graduates, alumni, and friends of Queen's, in and around New York, enrolled and keenly interested in its welfare.

#### THE LATE PRINCIPAL MacVICAR.

SADLY fell the Christmastide upon the Presbyterian College, Montreal, for the Angel of Death had summoned its distinguished Principal into the presence of the Master of Life. With startling suddenness did the call come to him to cease from his earthly toil. Most pathetic is it to think of two of his students going to his room, and finding him sitting in his chair with the manuscript of the lecture they had been waiting to hear, opened and before him. But the heart had ceased to beat, the spirit had fled, and the voice which so often thrilled and charmed them had been forever stilled.

Principal MacVicar was a man of striking presence, and in a large assembly would be singled out by a stranger as the possessor of commanding qualities. And when he spoke it would at once be seen that he had strong convictions, which he was not afraid to express in incisive and emphatic language. His mind was keenly logical and analytic, and revelled in the effort to solve the complex social and moral problems that perplex the present generation. So he was eminently clear and instructive in presenting truth from the pulpit or the public platform, while in debate he displayed great dialectic skill and persuasiveness. He was a born teacher, and happily, at a comparatively early age he found his life-work in the professor's chair. His students bear enthusiastic testimony that in the class-room he was highly inspiring and informing. They looked up to him as a safe guide amid the intricacies of theological speculations, and a fair interpreter of religious truth. They revered him for his passionate love of the things which make for righteousness. His strong personality

left an indelible impress upon them, and they have fondly enshrined him in their hearts. But that he was also a skilful administrator the present influential position of the College is ample proof, for to him, more than to any other, has its vigorous development been due. He sat by its cradle, and with great foresight guided its destinies, and he noted with just pride its growth from year to year. So his removal is an inexpressible loss to the institution which he nurtured and served so well, and to the students thereof, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy.

The church, too, of which he was one of its trusted leaders, is much the poorer because he has been taken from it. He took an active part in the consideration of all questions bearing on its welfare and extension, and his valued counsel will be greatly missed. With true catholicity he longed for a more cordial co-operation of Christians of every name.

To those who had the opportunity of hearing him only in public, his nature appeared to be stern and harsh. He was so tremendously in earnest that he was credited with being a man of severe temper. But nothing could be farther from the truth than such an estimate. In private he was a most genial companion, and took keen pleasure in the play of wit or humour. Beneath an apparently cold exterior there beat a sunny, warm and tender heart, and those who knew him best were greatly attracted to him. They felt that an immeasurable blank had been created in their life when they learned that he had "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace."

### PRIN. GRANT AND DR. GORDON.

AMONG the papers of the late Principal Grant is an old college exercise book, carefully and neatly transcribed, bearing the inscription within the cover: "Lectures in Moral Philosophy: copied by George M. Grant, and given to Daniel M. Gordon, July, 1861." The two youths had been friends in boyhood, they were friends at college, and in a singular degree this early friendship was maintained until it was dissolved by the hand of death. The Rev. Mr. Gordon found his way westward to Ottawa, while the Rev. Mr. Grant became the minister of St. Matthew's, in Halifax. When Queen's summoned Dr. Grant to the Principalship, his old friend, who had for some years been a trustee of the University, was present at the inauguration, and opened the proceedings with prayer. In taking leave of his congregation of St. Matthew's, Principal Grant recommended them to call Dr. Gordon; they did so, but he refused to leave his charge in Ottawa. Later, however, Dr. Gordon went to Halifax as a professor in Pine Hill College, in which Principal Grant had been an occasional lecturer when pastor of St. Matthew's, and of which he had been a firm friend. Now, Dr. Gordon comes to succeed his friend of half a century as Principal of Queen's.

### THE QUARTERLY.

THE current number of the QUARTERLY is interesting and acceptable from cover to cover. The articles are very timely and instructive, as well as excellent from a literary point of view. Prof. Gill's contribution on wireless telegraphy presents in popular form the salient features of this new means

of communication, and will help to explain the physical phenomena on which it is based.

The Chancellor's article on the Pacific cable is especially valuable at this time as a first hand explanation of the significance of this great work. It seems our neighbors south of the international boundary are congratulating themselves on having laid the first Pacific cable, the American end of which, according to *Harper's Weekly*, was landed the other day at San Francisco. Is it possible that the fact of the *other* cable has not penetrated the United States?

Professor Shortt's account of Responsible Government in Canada is a valuable piece of work. It is history in living, human fashion; and the characteristic humour of the style aids greatly in fixing the historical facts.

Dr. Jordan's outline of the history of the Hexateuch Criticism will be very acceptable to all who take any interest in Old Testament problems. The main features of the documentary question have been practically fixed, and Prof. Jordan collates in this article the chief phases in the process.

Another fine article is contributed by Rev. John Mackie, on the subject of the West Indies. Mr. Mackie finds in the subject a congenial field for the exercise of his well-known descriptive powers.

The remaining articles of the number are by no means of inferior merit; and even the most fastidious reader can find something congenial to his taste in the splendid variety of subjects treated in this issue, which is of unusual length, consisting of about one hundred and fifty pages, and which reflects great credit on the editor and various contributors.

### CHANCELLOR NELLES TO PRINCIPAL GRANT, MARCH 16, 1878.

"That QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL is on the whole not a badly conducted affair, and I always look it over with much interest—especially the college puns and jokes. Our students contemplated such a paper, but I discouraged it, fearing it would be guilty of some indiscretion or other, but so far the example of Queen's has impressed me favourably."

### Ladies' Department.

PROPHETIC OF THE LEVANA, 1903.

**H**EAR ye this, ye daughters of Levana! Give ear, ye freshettes, while the prophetic utterances of the Royal oracle are interpreted unto you!

Hark! I hear the confused mutterings, the weird incantations about the Levana girls, and see the sudden ghostly shadowings of the mysterious Priestess. The mingled sounds rise like winds in Eden's tree-tops, and make me, though my spirit hears, for very luxury close my eyes. But, listen! the voice grows more distinct—softly, gently she approaches, and in the flood of hallowed light becomes visible. At first mournful, and afterwards joyful, does she appear. Sadly she sounds the knell of our beloved King. A dark and gloomy cloud now hangs o'er Queen's, for suns innumerable shall rise and set ere we shall have another king like Geordie.

And yet, methinks, I see another king approach—a worthy Scion of Scotia's noble line. At his coming the sun breaks through the clouds. He, too, shall find true and loyal hearts wherein to rest. He shall make Queen's more famous in the land, and many from the north and south, and

east and west, shall flock to his standard. And the Levana shall increase three-fold. Then shall there be great rejoicing among the girls, because of the great number of lockers, and they shall one and all raise a song of thankfulness to their predecessors, who in the year nineteen hundred and three did rise up and unfurl the maiden banner of their rights, and did demand lockers, and room to stand in, room to read in, room to talk in.

Lo! Behold! I see the Priestess gesticulating wildly. What unearthly spirit has seized her? More indistinct figures appear, and all grow excited, and some more agile than the rest seem to be hanging from the clouds. What means this strange proceeding? Oh! for a clearer vision! a more prophetic soul to enable me to solve this mystery! Lo! the vapory clouds are vanishing, golden rays of light replace the glimmerings, the strange mysterious forms now assume well-known features, and the wild fantastic movements become graceful Delsarte Exercises. The clouds roll quite away, and reveal to my prophetic vision a well-equipped gymnasium, where many happy hours shall be spent in what was once known as our dear old Levana room.

The scene is changed—and as if by magic, a brilliant assemblage of Carpet Knights and ladies fair looms up before me, and all seem merry as at a festival. I am lost in amazement, until that gentle voice again is heard whispering softly, that this is the Levana tea, and those smiling and amiable Knights are *candidates*.

Once again the scene is changed, the fires burn brightly, and the Priestess assumes an air of warning and admonition, and in awe-inspiring tones, thus she begins: Harken, ye freshettes,

and give ear that ye may hear what I say unto you! Be not discouraged though the at-homes may seem many and the study hours exceedingly few! Wait till you conquer Junior Math. and the sun will be shining for you. Slope not, for, if you do, you will meet the Profs. at Phillipi, and then will you realize there is naught but to do your very best—then die! Oh! freshies, beware of such a fate! give heed to your seniors, for they are famous for their wisdom, wit and learning. Be not wise in your own conceits for it is not seemly so to be. Be kindly affectioned one to another with sisterly love, in honour preferring your seniors. Ye hear these things, happy are ye if ye do them!

Give me your ears, ye sophomores, ye maidens dauntless and brave! Give good advice to the freshettes and take heed to follow it yourselves. Shirk not your essay on Latin, and you will be able at last to chase "anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain" from your troubled minds. Sad, sad to relate, you must wait till the sweet bye and bye for a key to Crowell's Selections, or for a Monday morning when your work is all prepared. Bestir yourselves, get your skates sharpened, for, lo! the winter is here, and the freshettes will be eager to learn of you. Show a self-sacrificing spirit in all things, and if a senior desires your locker give it up humbly and take one in the room below.

Ye juniors, sailing o'er life's troubled sea, strive on for the power that knowledge imparts. Let not your moments be unemployed, for success comes only to those who work. Difficulties may beset your path, but be not daunted by the chill November dawns, or when the wings of winter

are unfurled; pause not to look upon the whiteness of the world, or the piercing cold in the grey light of the retreating stars—Honor Moderns are evils, but there may be greater.

Pray listen, ye mighty seniors, ye elder daughters of Levana, ye whose race is well nigh run, who have known the pangs of freshettes, the trials and troubles of sophomores, the hopes of juniors; rejoice then with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep. Be not afraid of the spring, for lo! I see a complete and unbroken line of maidens fair ascend the narrow awkward steps whence each stands forth, crowned with her well-earned laurels. Then shall the places of those seniors be desolate and a few more will have gone forth into the world to swell the ranks of those who will never swerve from Queen's while life shall last.

Here the voice grows fainter and more distant, the fires burn low, the mysterious lights have vanished, and I alone remain.

#### LEVANA NOTES.

On October 29th, the Levana Society was enraptured by a dramatic treat. The old Levana room proved a very appropriate stage, the audience occupying the Latin room. Four of Shakespeare's noblest heroines were impersonated, not precisely in the Shakespearean atmosphere, but from the interesting view-point of a fashionable watering-place. Juliet, Portia, Ophelia and Lady Macbeth related to us some amusing circumstances.

Juliet first appeared in all her loveliness, and we could not censure the sometime devotion of her Romeo. Her sprightliness and vivacity were charming, and her comments upon

"Love, from a balcony point of view," were extremely interesting. Portia next appeared in robes bespeaking her profession, and the learned diction and dignified bearing, reminded one of a former occasion when she, as Portia, played her part so well. "The fair Ophelia" came in for a cup of tea. How touching to hear her speak so calmly of "the murders!" What a contrast to her devotion and loyalty to her Ham, despite the trial he was to her in always seeing ghosts! Last, but not least, the stage was overshadowed by the awful presence of Lady Macbeth. What thrills of terror we felt as we saw this proud representative of the all-conquering, MacLeods, MacDuffs, Macgoyles, Mackays, Macsifes and MacDonalds, and as we heard her in stern Scottish accents declaim against the audacity of the man who had written "all the vile slanders against her!"

The parts were all so well taken, and the play made so interesting and entertaining, that we feel very grateful indeed to Mrs. Bassanio, Mrs. R. Montague, Lady Macbeth, and sweet Ophelia, "as Ham says."

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The last Levana meeting of this session was held Dec. 10, the senior year having the meeting in charge. The most important business item was the voting of the Christmas present to our friend Mr. Burton, from our two girls' societies. The program consisted entirely of music, and it was quite inspiring to be thus assured of the musical talent available among our senior girls. As this was our first musical program this year, we thoroughly enjoyed every number. It is to be hoped the senior year will acquit themselves as admirably in the spring.

## Arts.

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JOYOUS feeling it is that arises

in a student when, turning from class-room and books, from "days of labour and nights devoid of ease," he leaves the city to spend the holidays under the paternal roof. Thoughts of happy reunions and Christmas cheer: visions of plum-pudding and turkey rise before his mind. The pale face of the philosopher now changes into a deeper hue; the furrowed brow of the mathematician is smoothed by the sudden change; the serious look of the classical student gives place to a beaming countenance; the penetrating gaze of the scientist loses much of its intensity, and the dignified look of the divinity student assumes a more roguish air, while he who has none of these distinguishing features goes away in the same mood as when he paid his \$12 to the Registrar. The freshman goes home to tell about professors, at-homes, good times, and the Concursus; the sophomore tries to explain the calendar and the different courses leading to a B.A.; the junior tells how it happened that he has to come back early in the Fall, and grows eloquent on the joys of college life; the senior has gained wisdom with his years and never opens his mouth about the gold medals and scholarships which the Ides of April have in store for him, while the post-mortem counts his years and laments the fleetness of Father Time. *Sic est vita* and such the exponents of that life. But the scene changes. Christmas is over and the new year has begun. We now transfer ourselves to the Grand Trunk station in our dear old University town (do not mistake the meaning of "dear"). There all is bustle and con-

fusion. Now it is that the carter or cabman, with his patronizing air, gets paid for the days last fall when his teeth rattled and his money-bags were empty. Now also the down-town merchant sees that his victims have once more returned; the book-seller rejoices that the book-order department has not yet begun; Hong Lee wears a broader smile, and the "boardin' missus," to borrow an expression which our readers may have heard before if they have not seen it in print, once again stretches out the long table and casts aside her holiday look. The student himself trudges up to the boarding-house—a bundle of good resolves. Now everything must be done systematically: so much sleep—we do not say how much, not more than twelve hours though—so much study, to which there is a minimum limit but no maximum; so much recreation, which may be little or great according to the constitution of the individual. Very good, indeed; follow these golden resolutions and the gold medals will be yours.

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During the present year the Arts Society has had to deal with many interesting questions, and as a result the meetings have been well attended. And yet they are not as well attended as they might be. A great many students in Arts seem to think that the privilege of attending these meetings does not belong to them. How such an erroneous idea should get possession of a sober-minded Arts student we cannot conceive. Yet such is the case, for at the last meeting of the society a student in Arts, and a senior at that, was heard to ask if he was supposed or would be allowed to attend. Is there not something wrong when such a state of affairs exists? Can

these meetings not be made of sufficient interest to attract the Arts body and not a few seniors merely in addition to the executive? Several questions of general interest have of late been discussed. At present the question which is before the society takes the form of a request from the ladies asking for the reading-room which they would like to have fitted up as their Levana room, to take the place of their present incommodious quarters. To this request no answer has as yet been given, and we cannot prophesy whether the reply will be favorable to the ladies or not. We hope that it may.

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NOTES.

Voice from Toronto: "When are Queen's going to hold their Conversat.?"

The delegate sent to the Knox "At-home" reports a good time, and will probably be in Toronto again.

Medical Student, to Mr. Burton (morning after the Arts Concursus): "Did you see anything of a cap around the hall this morning?"

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Medicine.

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THE ANNUAL VISIT OF THE MEDS. TO THE ARTS CONCURSUS.

TO the casual observer at the Arts Concursus, on the above-mentioned memorable occasion, it would appear as if Niagara Falls had been suddenly turned loose; or that Lake Ontario had sustained a severe puncture, causing the pearly drops to fall in one continuous stream.

But let not the "great unwashed" imagine for an instant that a few drops of water (or little grains of sand) can ever dampen the ardor of the gallant

sons of Aesculapius;—nay, nay! a wet sheet and a flowing sea hold no terrors for the ambitious Med. These earthly coverings, these triumphs of the tailor's art, may have absorbed a few of those dewy drops which trickled so freely from our neighbors' hose—the wintry wind may have blown cold and chill across the frosty moor; but the fires within our bosoms burn with that unquenchable flame which even the hose of a Carrie Nation could not extinguish.

Our hearts—yes, even our sweethearts—warm toward our brethren in Arts; and, should any inadvertent follower of the Ancient Greek or Modern Turk(ey) have a furtive yet irresistible desire to probe into the nature of our next assizes, he shall be sure to meet with a most hearty reception—we promise him a brilliant career through the 'boundless realms of space'; or, perchance, a gentle sleep in one of those delightful receptacles wherein repose the clarified remains of men of yore; wherein no fragrant odor dwells and no sound is heard save the soft murmur of the studious Med. and the click, click of his scalpel; where silence—that priceless gift bestowed upon no freshman—reigns supreme.

Come one, come all! We welcome the coming—SPEED the parting guest.

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We are drawn irresistibly to the conclusion that the author of "Amor Malignans," published in a former number of the JOURNAL, must have seen a few of the delightful sides of life, but at the same time had come into pretty sharp contact with some of its rugged corners. While undoubtedly he has assimilated all of the most salient points in connection with the ten-

der passion, we should have some hesitation in agreeing *in toto* with his most sweeping assertion that "males are more frequently affected than females!" Before we can conscientiously endorse this statement we should be pleased to see statistics on this important question. In pursuance of such a charming subject, we shall be delighted to receive free and frank confessions from a number of those affected, and shall take pleasure in presenting the statistics in a later issue.

As the composition of poetry has been described as an almost positive proof of the existence of the disease, 'Love,' we submit the following for your careful consideration: (we may just remark in passing that these lines were extracted from the diary of a very advanced case)

"O Bliss, too sweet to last too long!  
O Happiness, so like a song,  
That but a moment charms the ear  
And straightway is diffused in air.  
Ah! Love, that comes not by decree,  
Nor by command will banished be—  
That steals unwarning to the heart  
And nestles in its deepest part."

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ANNUAL DINNER, AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

"Then for a smile, and a glass, and a toast and a cheer,  
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here."

The Medical dinner, for which we had been waiting so patiently, at last appeared on the horizon, ran its course and disappeared into the far beyond, and once more the weary Med. was able to retire unto his suburban home and dream over the delights of a festive evening, such as is only known to Medical students of Queen's and their fortunate guests.

Accustomed as we have always been, to see before us a banquet arranged with perfect taste, a hall daintily decorated and pretty and fragrant flowers in abundance, we must confess that we were hardly prepared for such a scene of beauty as burst upon our sight on entering the old, historic City Hall. Well might we be pardoned for an exclamation of delight as we gazed upon the myriads of pretty flags, the avenues of heavily-laden tables, and when we heard as in a dream the sweet, orchestral music floating on the scented air. When the first bewildering impression had passed away and we had time to look about us, with what a thrill of pride we realized that this great concourse, drawn from far and near, had all assembled in honor of good old Queen's.

It is but three short years since we were able to crowd into the dining-room of one of our city hotels, and to-day we are able to fill the old City Hall; surely, if we keep expanding at the same rate for a few more years, the Medical dinner will need a great building all to itself! However, let not the University stop growing on our account—who knows? the County of Frontenac may provide the needed accommodation! To return to the point: At nine p.m., the students of the various years drew up in line in the hallway beneath the banqueting chamber, and waited with hungry faces until the few remaining stragglers might arrive; this much desired result being finally attained, our genial president, Mr. Ward, loomed up in the distance with a long chain of professors and guests in tow. The procession moved majestically onward, the students bringing up the rear. Among the guests we were pleased to see the face

of Dr. Moore, our worthy representative on the Ontario Council, who, we afterwards learned, had risen from a bed of sickness to be present with us. We were sorry to hear of his illness, and sincerely hope that no untoward effect will follow his kindness in honoring us.

The decorating committee, under the guidance of Mr. John Wellwood, deserve the highest credit for the beautiful and elaborate manner in which the hall was adorned. Those who have seen it in holiday attire in years gone by say that never before did it present such a magnificent sight; flags in almost countless numbers hung from the ceiling, while handsome shields—some of which graced the same Hall when the Prince of Wales (now King) visited us years ago—garnished the walls: on the platform the polar bear, which has been the chaperon of many a social function—no wonder its hair is white—carried on its back a bony warrior from whose hollow eyes and gaping mouth flashed a lurid light, a sight calculated to strike terror to the heart of any but a Medical.

After the sumptuous repast had been stowed away safely, and a number of bottles of some reddish fluid had mysteriously disappeared, Mr. Ward opened the second part of the programme by gracefully extending a welcome to the guests and proposing the health of "The King." Mr. Leonard then gave a brief but interesting sketch of the progress of Canada up to the present, showing how a few years ago there had been a steady exodus of Canadians to our sister country to the south, but that times had changed and there is now a rapid influx of our American cousins, who, realizing the advantages of our country and seeing

its wealth, are joining us in thousands. He concluded by proposing a toast to our fair Dominion. Mayor Shaw and Mr. E. J. B. Pense, M.P.P., made hearty responses and spoke in glowing terms of the great prospects of our beloved country.

Following this came the final year song composed of forty-seven verses; we hope "Joe" didn't suffer since from acute laryngitis—it certainly was a long task.

W. H. Ackroyd proposed "Queen's and her Faculties," which toast was responded to by Prof. Campbell, from Arts, who made a pleasing speech, and thereby laid the foundation for a firm friendship with the students of Medicine.

Dr. Herald toasted "Our Guests," and Dr. Moore made reply, touching on the new regulation of the Ontario Council demanding that Medical students shall pass the Senior Provincial Matriculation. He spoke disparagingly of this, and claimed that they might better take a course in Arts. Before resuming his chair the Doctor spoke feelingly of our late revered Principal and of his sorrow at our loss.

"Sister Universities" was next proposed by F. M. Bell, who, on behalf of the Aesculapian Society, welcomed the representatives. This was responded to in a neat speech by Mr. McGee, of McGill, who gave us a splendid idea of the work as carried on at that institution; the honor of Bishop's was upheld by Mr. Frankum, Trinity by Mr. Englesham, and last, but not least, Varsity by Mr. Sweeney. Those of us who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Sweeney will long remember him. He reflects great credit on the University he represents. He declared that the greeting of Varsity

to Queen's was perhaps warmer than to any other institution, for had not Queen's given to them in the person of Dr. Reeves, their worthy Dean, one of the ablest men in the Province? He dealt at some length with the Dominion Registration Bill, and exhorted the students of Queen's and of all Medical colleges in Canada, to band together and press for recognition by the Dominion Parliament, and for their consideration of this important measure.

J. A. Wellwood proposed "Our Hospitals" in a very interesting manner, and this toast was responded to in a lengthy eloquent speech by the Hon. Senator Sullivan. There was no other city in Canada, he said, that had turned out more skilful surgeons than had Kingston. The late Dr. Dickson was the most eminent Canadian surgeon of his day, and he defied any one to deny it! Queen's had brought practical examinations into the Medical colleges and had always led in ideas, if not in wealth and expance. When other colleges had supported the Dominion Registration bill through force of public opinion, Queen's had done so of her own free will. Kingston institutions had always been the torch of liberty and freedom; Kingston hospitals had never closed their doors to consumptives as some cities had done. In conclusion, Dr. Sullivan referred with some feeling to the noble and generous work of Prof. Lorenz, the orthopedic surgeon, who had operated so successfully and liberally on the poor of the United States, without hope of pecuniary remuneration. On resuming his seat a perfect storm of cheers arose from all present. Evidently the veteran Professor of Surgery is still dearest of all in the hearts of his students.

Mr. Walter Lavell then rendered in

his usual good voice a fine solo which was greatly appreciated. This was followed by Dr. Richardson's proposal of the toast to the undergraduates; suitable replies were made by members of the several years.

Mr. E. Sheffield and Dr. Stratton then did honor to the ladies in neat and appropriate speeches. At three a.m. the banquet hall was deserted, and the tired students wended their weary way homeward, carrying with them pleasant memories of the finest dinner ever held by the Aesculapian Society of Queen's.

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#### MEDICAL NOTES.

The representative from the final year in Medicine to the '08 "At-home" reports a most enjoyable time.

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The clinics in the Hotel Dieu—so ably conducted by Dr. Ryan—are very profitable to the students and are appreciated by all.

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Our representative to Varsity returned with a beaming smile, and announced that as far as he remembered, he had enjoyed himself to the full.

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"Billy" McKinley says the Trinity Meds. are good ones to entertain, the Toronto nurses are O.K., and, generally speaking, his sojourn in the Queen City, though a little prolonged, was a most delightful one. We hope "Billy" isn't thinking of going back on the Kingston girls, but this report has a serious aspect.

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"Beany" Kearns' genial smile once more lights up our darksome corridors, and we are glad to see him back safely from old McGill. He has advised the junior year that the springs

of entertainment and the fountains of "Pommery" have by no means run dry, and assures them that a grand good time awaits the lucky delegate to that time-honoured University when next year they too are struggling for the position.

After waiting long and patiently the final year is at last rewarded by seeing the completion of Dr. J. C. Connell's new work on "The Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat." The new book is a credit to our worthy Professor, and a pleasure to his students. We congratulate him most heartily on the results of his labors, and hope soon that a more substantial recompense will be his.

Sammy A—th—r (gleefully dropping to the floor of the amphitheatre on the fourth successive occasion)—"I certainly have a great drag with the Profs."

McInt—sh looks ruefully on, while a faint aroma of chloroform gently rises from W—rd's corner.

The Aesculapian Society would like to ascertain the exact interpretation of the last item in 'Joe's' account, viz., 'booze!'

Bill Sh—ff (after partaking too heavily of the Arts Court): 'The gluteus maximus is a very tender muscle and reminds one, at times, very forcibly of boyhood's happy days.'

Professor (in Materia Medica class)—"Mr. —, what would you do in a case of persistent vomiting?"

Mr. — (sagely)—"Let him vomit!"

After the most serious meditation, we have arrived at the conclusion that Jiminy G—an's torrent of eloquence at the Alma Mater meeting, Dec. 13th, could only have been checked by the most violent reverse peristalsis of the vocal chords.

Dr. Richardson's genial smile is once more shining brightly upon us, and it is currently reported that he has brought his scalpel back with him.

We cannot refrain from making special mention of the earnest work of Mr. Bene Kearns, as chairman of the Dinner Committee, to whose indefatigable zeal may be attributed much of the success of our annual banquet.

The menu cards for the dinner were the prettiest and perhaps the most unique ever prepared in Canada. On the front-piece appeared in raised figures the forms of a skeleton and student, performing a duet on stringed instruments. The caricatures of the various professors (executed by one of the Meds.) were works of art and very amusing. Mr. McKerras and his capable committee deserve credit for their work.

## Science.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL, that of the 5th instant the worthy associate-editor for Arts discusses, in a patronizing manner, the question—"Should Science men be members of their respective years in Arts?" Patronage of a tactful, thoughtful kind is not often resented, but, almost universally, objection is taken to the species of it manifested in this article. We desire to formally protest against any

such tone being adopted with regard to the position and claims of the Faculty of Applied Science or its students. Taking into account the present rate of growth of the various branches of Science, and basing our judgment, also, on the expressed opinions of the keenest minds of the University, we can state with confidence that the time is not far distant when the Arts Faculty will occupy a decidedly inferior position to that of Applied Science, whether we compare the two from the standpoint of number of students in attendance, equipment, staff, or training given.

Moreover, the spirit of the age is a scientific one, and the spirit of science is entering into all the different branches of Divinity and Arts, remoulding and revivifying them to an extent apparently unappreciated by the aforesaid associate-editor. One has only to turn to the last issue of the *Quarterly* to find an interesting article from one of the leading business men of Montreal, in which he has only words of high praise and commendation for the efforts being put forth to make the Faculty of Applied Science of Queen's second to none, because he recognizes, and all experienced men recognize, that in the present day technical training is absolutely essential to successful business enterprise on account of the keen competition and the general increase in education. Further, it can be said of the Faculty of Applied Science that it fits men to earn their daily bread from the time of leaving College, instead of turning out useless dreamers and pedantic idealists, as experience has shown is too often the result of a training in Arts *alone*, whether due to the information imparted or to the standpoint of the student, we

cannot state. Too many of the graduates in Arts are unwilling to begin a practical business life far enough down the scale, because they imagine that the knowledge gained of this or that subject, which has, probably, no practical bearing, should entitle them to greater consideration. That we are not speaking at random, let Henry Clews, one of the oldest and most respected brokers in New York, witness. We cannot, at this moment, quote his exact words, but the summary of them is that he would not have an Arts trained man in his employ, for the reason that they were strongly averse to starting at the right point and, generally, were most impractical. We are not to be considered as arguing against an Arts training in so far as such training is looked upon as a mental discipline, but rather against the spirit manifested by the above-mentioned associate-editor, who seems to have become imbued with some of the out-of-date and detestable spirit of the late Matthew Arnold, who, apparently, thought the whole world were Philistines, as he called them, save and except the said Matthew and one or two more choice spirits. If the learned associate-editor will suffer a word of advice, we would say, "don't" try to patronize Science or its students. Science needs no more patronage and will have none such. In conclusion we may state it is our earnest desire, which we hope to see consummated at an early date, that the various years of Science will separate entirely from their respective years in Arts, and we think the thin edge of the wedge has already been inserted by the Freshmen year in Science, who feel they can possibly manage to exist without the unvalued assistance of beardless youths, whose heads are full

of undigested theories and vain fancies.

On Dec. 17th the members of the Engineering Society held their annual dinner in Hotel Frontenac, and the big dining-room, handsomely decorated for the occasion, was taxed to its limit to seat the large crowd of hungry scientists. Mine host McIntyre is to be congratulated on the excellency of the menu and the taste with which the bunting and flowers were arranged.

When ample justice had been done to the more substantial edibles, our president, Mr. W. P. Wilgar, arose, the appearance of his generous outlines being greeted with prolonged applause, as with measured and dignified eloquence, his face beaming with the good cheer, he declared the toast list open, and called upon Prof. Gill for a "few" remarks. In responding, the honorary-president eulogized the work and aim of the Engineering Society and predicted a long and successful career for that honorable body, with a steady increase of membership.

The Dean of the Faculty, Prof. Du Puis, in responding to the toast of "Queen's" spoke at some length concerning the School of Forestry that had been promised should be established in connection with Queen's University. It was pointed out by the speaker that we in Kingston have exceptional advantages for the study of Forestry, and it was his wish, as well as the wish of every member of the University, that the Government would see clearly the superiority of our claims over those of certain other institutions, and select Kingston as the most advantageous location for the proposed school.

From an "after-dinner" point of view, the speech of the evening was delivered by the Rev. Prof. McComb, whose dry Irish wit kept the whole table in spasms of laughter. The Rev. gentleman made the remark that at "Queen's" there was no chair of the gentle art of conversation as such was indeed both unnecessary and superfluous, and we of the Engineering Society heartily endorse his statement as long as we have men like himself and our own good Dean.

The toast to the prospectors was proposed by Dr. Goodwin, who in a few well chosen words described the work and hardships that had to be surmounted by these pioneers of the mining industry. During the past two or three summers he had come into personal contact with a great many of these men and he could assure us that as long as the prospector was an active element the mining industry would flourish. Prof. Gwillim, who responded, was glad of the opportunity of saying something about these men, so necessary to the opening up of new country, and he believed that if the seemingly impossible could be accomplished, it was the prospector who would carry it through.

Alternately with the toast, songs were rendered by Messrs. Forin, Rose and Smythe, each gentleman responding nobly to all the encores that were asked for repeatedly.

Taken altogether it was considered that this year's dinner was the best up to date, notwithstanding the fact that an unusual number of freshmen did not turn out, which, if showing lack of appreciation of their advantages, was also an indication that we have some men who should have completed their education in a public school.

## FACULTY SONG.

There's a story worth the hearing  
 Of a Nathan brave and daring,  
 Who could scare the ancient prophets  
 with a laugh;  
 But the ancients were not in it  
 With the Dean, for half a minute,  
 For they never heard a word of Nath-  
 an's Graph.  
 He can stop the moon from working  
 Or prevent a star from shirking  
 By just a simple twist of his machine;  
 And every man who knows him  
 Has had some kindness shown him,  
 So we'll always thank good fortune  
 for our Dean.

*Chorus*—

Every Prof. has a hobby more or  
 less,  
 Tho' it's not so very difficult to  
 guess;  
 They'll long be in our memory, and  
 it's no disgrace at all  
 For each to drink a bumper to good  
 old Science Hall.

When we sing of Dr. Goodwin  
 We are mentioning a person  
 Who's a lucky sort of man in every  
 way.

He directs an aggregation  
 Of the anti-bar persuasion,  
 Which will fade when this year's sen-  
 iors pass away.

He believes in education,  
 But objects to liquidation,  
 And he fines us "twenty-five" for pal-  
 try crimes;  
 But his ways are always gentle,  
 Though to pockets detrimental,  
 So we'll drink his health in anything  
 he fines.

*Chorus*—Every Prof., etc.

If we wish to capture glory  
 By some gruesome, ghastly story,

There must always be a Bogie in the  
 yarn;  
 But our Bogie's not a spectre—  
 If you doubt it, hear him lecture—  
 He can give a spiel as long as any arm.  
 His "exam.", a modest treatise  
 That to answer needs a thesis,  
 Tho' it's square as little Bogie is him-  
 self;  
 So we wish him luck a-plenty,  
 And a pipe that's never empty,  
 With a glass of something strong, to  
 drink our health.

*Chorus*—Every Prof., etc.

There's a staff in every college  
 That directs the course of knowledge,  
 But we've a staff in mining all our  
 own;  
 He instructs us when we're panning,  
 Has "idears" on frue vanning,  
 And can "calkerlate" the charge that  
 should be blown.

With his confrere, Willie Gwillim—  
 Wild-and-woolly Western villain—  
 We've a pair that can't be beaten on a  
 deal;

They could run a faro table,  
 Preach a sermon, spin a fable,  
 Or make a stream of water run up  
 hill.

*Chorus*—Every Prof., etc.

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**Divinity.**

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HERE is no need to say to our fel-  
 low students of Montreal that  
 our deep sympathy goes out to them in  
 their great loss occasioned by the  
 death of Principal MacVicar.

Who shall take the place of such  
 chieftains as Grant and MacVicar?  
 Are our ablest young men preparing  
 themselves for such high positions if  
 necessity should call upon them? We

want the best men for leaders, no matter where they come from; but the best man for leadership in Canada, other things being equal, is the Canadian, who knows somewhat of his land from ocean to ocean, who has "dipt into the future" and seen the Canada that is to be; who has realized the struggle of the past and felt the throb of a new and rich national life; who is freed by this newer life from a handicapping conventionality; one, in short, who will not seek to make a cast-iron mould, in which to shape our type, our systems and our methods, but who, living by the spirit of all that is good in the past, will care little for the letter and will leave the soul of the Canadian nation free to express itself in its own way, so that it may bring its own peculiar gift to the life of the world.

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#### XMAS MORNING AT THE HALL.

Santa Claus had spent a busy time getting various and strange gifts for the Hall. Each boy had been on his best behaviour for weeks, and had in private retreat made known his inmost desires to His Highness the Pope; and so it was that as Xmas drew near each little heart beat fast with high hope. Some had saved up their coppers and had purchased stockings suspiciously large; and fearing that Santa Claus might not recognize them, had attached either their initials or photos. All were in bed early and lost in slumber before the reindeers were hitched to the sled. What a night this was in the Hall! The little faces on the pillows did shine and glisten like the countenance of Moses in his exalted moments. Faith, trust and hope radiated in gleams that filled the room with a halo as rich in brightness as that surrounding the heads of ancient

saints. If hardened Pharoah could have caught one glimpse of such a scene, his heart would have melted and he would have prayed to be re-created a Santa Claus.

Soon the reindeers were prancing on the roof, and as the chimney was quite cool (as it always is in the Hall) he drove right down. He waved his magic wand and in an instant the stockings were filled to the brim, and he was speeding miles away, silent and swift as a Marconi telegram. At three o'clock there was a stir in one of the cots. A little fellow with deep, dark eyes awoke with a start. He had dreamed that he had ascended through universe after universe; up, up he had gone until it seemed to him that he had reached the highest pinnacle of conceivability. From this universal point of view he gazed over all things and saw that in the utter absolute, right was right and wrong was wrong. As he stood at that dizzy point, peering into the secrets of the universe, he saw, in the abyss far below, his poor fellow-men imprisoned by the ordinary categories of thought. His heart was touched with pity and tears welled up in the caverns of his dark eyes. Casting "one longing, lingering look behind," he clung with his left hand while he reached far down with his right, which seemed to stretch to miles in length. He made an extra strain, when to his horror he saw that his left hand was clinging to the Pentateuch which seemed to break into fragments, and through space he fell for days and days. His soul was torn with unspeakable agony; his eyes burned with terror deep into their sockets. In a feeling of utter despair he awoke to find he had fallen out of bed. He rubbed his eyes in bewilderment, accidentally felt his stock-

ing, and immediately was himself again. He shook it out and forth there came a barrel of sermons, somewhat antiquated, with an automatic delivery attached to each. As if by the conjurer's art, from the other stocking there unfolded a Monk's cell "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." In it was a vast library of ancient volumes, amongst which we noticed *The Pilgrims' Progress*, *Dante's Inferno*, and *Grey's Elegy*. The little lad was delighted, and at once sent a message to his school mate Diogenes Teufelsdrockh to come over and play.

An hour later a tall, slim figure, without waiting to wake up, made a bound to his long stockings, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks red with enthusiasm and love for old Santa—and others. There, ready for immediate use he found a long-distance, wireless telephone, made so that only two could understand; a large Presbyterian Hymnal with short metre, long metre, and a meet-her-all-alone. At the sight of the last he grew rapturous and emptied out all the contents upon the floor. Out rolled a football to which was attached a machine to keep men behind it on a free kick; then followed a long hockey stick, to which was attached a book entitled "How Divinities Can Win Hockey Games Without Being Able to Skate." A pan of ashes upon the floor at first confused him; but on examination he found it to be the new form in which Apologetics would be given. He was so delighted that he tried a few steps of the Highland Fling.

Next he beheld a panoramic machine. He grasped the crank and gave it a turn, and there before him he saw Queen's thirty years hence, with students from various colleges flocking

to take post-graduate courses; her walls were covered with championships of America in football, hockey, tennis, and debates. The crank moved again, and there before him was the Alumni conference of 1930 in full session; statesmen, literary men, philanthropists crowded the seats. There he himself stood proclaiming the true principles of a nation's life and growth. He turned again. There before him was a large photo of a happy family which was taken when back at Queen's at the famous conference. It was all too good. With his whole being he thanked Santa, threw on some clothes and rushed forth with hockey stick in hand to challenge Science Hall to battle.

An hour later there was another lad awake. Carefully a little hand reached out for a pair of spectacles, silently adjusted them and began to prepare himself for meditation. There he lay, wondering whether Santa Claus was an illusion or whether he was real; whether a real illusion was as real as that which was not an illusion. After a while he thought of his stockings hung up, but he would not stir until he had reviewed Hegel's Philosophy of Right to see if it would really be fitting to have association even in thought with the ancient and questionable customs of Xmas. After some further deliberation he sat up in bed, and without the faintest sign of haste he patiently and minutely examined the contents. He pulled out a robe, which proved to be the mantle of Kant. A smile of pleasure gradually stole over his features, as with care he placed the mantle over his shoulders. He looked into the other stocking and there he found "Plato's Calm," for which through long years his heart

had yearned. He looked for nothing more, but in his philosophic garb he seemed to wander away from all things material into the Eternal Calm which Plato had prepared for him, and as he receded from our vision his last message to the mundane sphere was "The meek shall inherit the earth."

"Twas not until the morning light entered the room that a black-headed lad rolled over in a leisurely way. Santa Claus did not agitate him so much, for, as he said, he couldn't really expect much this year as Santa Claus had given him such a satisfactory grant last year. So quite composedly he adjusted his nose to his glasses, pulled his stockings into bed, and there discovered, first a beautiful miniature "residence" with one room instead of twenty. Around it there grew forget-me-nots and bleeding-hearts, and on the little door were sprigs of cedar and heather. His dark eyes glowed with delight. Into the other stocking he thrust his hand and drew forth a large bottle. In his ecstasy he took it to be Amoris nectar and drew the cork. The taste set his whole being in rebellion. He looked at the label and read, "Cure for Amor Malignans. Remain in your room two successive evenings and take as directed." In indignation he stood up in his bed and cried:

Physician, would'st thou Malignans  
Amor cure,  
And from a heaving bosom, pluck  
deep-rooted joys?  
Would'st thou dare, with some oblivious antidote,  
Seek thus to kill the thrill of moonlight strolls,  
Or pen one in a lone prosaic room  
To plug at Hebrew or at Kant?

Avaunt, thou foolish one. Dost thou not know

The sweets of life demand that heart,  
not mind, must rule?

In an instant the bottle smashed in a hundred pieces on the ground below. He was turning his face to the wall in anger when through a hole in the stocking he spied a gilt-edged something. He drew it forth, and lo! "The Book of Ruth, in Gaelic." A great peace stole over his countenance, and in his sleep we thought we heard him murmuring, "Entreat me not to leave thee. Whither thou goest I will go."

The next motion we saw was in a very, very short cot in the corner. The little fellow, as quietly as a wee mouse, crept to where he expected to find a vast stock of good things. For, seeing how short his socks were, compared with the others hung around, he had tied strings around the bottom of his football trousers and left them for Santa to fill, and good old Santa filled them full. But what was in them we do not know for the little fellow slipped under his bed and there in quiet joy played to his heart's content with the good gifts of old Father Xmas, to whom we must now bid a fond adieu and hasten to the Vatican to receive our morning blessing from the Pope. Information as to the contents of other stockings may be had at any time by calling at the owner's room.

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Your representative to Science Hall banquet reports a most enjoyable time, and desires to congratulate the Science men on their successful attempt to conduct such an affair in a manner pleasant and profitable to all. Prof. McComb delighted us all, and convinced us that he was in very deed an adept in the art of after-dinner speech mak-

ing. It is always a treat to hear a speech from Prof. Dupuis; clear, practical, with a delightful vein of quiet humour, giving a delicious lustre to it all. He has given long and faithful service to Queen's, especially to the Science department, and now the rich rewards of his labours have come at last. Divinity Hall wishes him long life and health to still forward the work so dear to his heart. Space forbids us to make further comment, but we cannot help trespassing to mention our delight with the remarks of Prof. Gwillim. He spoke upon the prospectors who do the pioneer work in opening up the mineral resources of a country—men of amazing hope and peculiar ability, who do the dangerous and difficult work, but whose names are scarcely ever heard. It was a naive and graphic talk, brimming full of the mountain and forest, and expressing a worthy admiration for the unscientific as well as the scientific prospector. It is forced upon us that the students' course can be greatly enriched by coming into contact with professors of all departments, and so we would again express the earnest desire that Sunday afternoon addresses may soon be commenced.

No report has been received from our representative to the Medical gaudemus. It is announced that he took the first train out of the city and sought some quiet spot where he might regain his equilibrium, and, if possible, discover what it was all about. He was said, when last seen, to be imagining that the gods were sending to him, through the air, from all sides, dishes laden with ambrosia, goblets bubbling over with nectar. Now and then he would stop in startling fashion as if

listening to strains of music. To watch his expression, as line after line of an endless song seemed to float before him, was nearly more than a being with ordinary human sympathy could endure. He seemed unable to determine whence it came, and the mystery was unsolved until, behold, a scavenger passed by, instantly recognized it, and swept it in with his collections.

Murdoch MacKinnon, M.A., is now the pastor of Park St. Church, Halifax. The *Theolog.* publishes in full the opening address which he had the honour to give to the Literary and Theological Society, entitled "Music, in its Relation to Life and Education." Murdoch will be a good representative of Queen's in the Military City, and we will expect to see an increased migration of "Blue-noses" to our University. His flock is large, and we hope that among his other high themes of thought, he may give due meditation to the necessity of taking unto himself a shepherdess, to be a helpmeet unto him.

## Athletics.

FOLLOWING is a report by Messrs. G. B. McLennan and M. E. Branscombe, on the workings of the Burnside rules as observed at the match between Varsity and the Argonauts, played in November last:

Kingston, Nov. 25th, 1902.  
To Athletic Committee of Queen's University:

Dear Sirs,—In presenting to you the impressions we received of the rugby match in Toronto, on Nov. 22nd, played between Varsity and the Argonauts

under the Burnside rules, we find ourselves forced to resort to hypothetical statements, and must rely on your granting us a very wide and generous range. The difficulty of judging a new game, especially when seen for the



W. Pannell, '03, Capt. II. Football Team.  
Intermediate Champions.

first time, cannot but be apparent to you. We can therefore but state impressions and surmises as to what its development might be. To begin with, we endeavored to free ourselves from all prejudices, and sought for salient features. The details of the game may be gained from any of the newspaper reports. We therefore beg to submit the following:

The looseness of the game rather than its openness, was peculiarly characteristic, the team having the wind doing the kicking, and their opponents attempting to run or buck the line just as in our game. We should note here that the ten yards in three downs not being very frequently obtained, makes it very difficult for those against the wind to gain ground or score, because

they are not only unable to make their ten yards, but also have to give the ball up to opponents already possessing the advantage. The result is inevitably that a score, and in many cases a large one, will be piled up without any means of checking it. Now, if the wind and other conditions remain the same for the second half, this might be even—but the team is already dis-spirited, and as in Saturday's game, the wind dropping puts all chances of success out of the question. Thus, while it is not desirable to give the weak team the chance of holding or defeating the stronger, it is equally bad to place a weak team at a double disadvantage—namely, of having the wind against them and the necessity of losing possession of the ball. Further, as to the kicking in the game, which is of especial importance alike to players and spectators, it will be almost impossible to get a return as in our present game, for the simple reason that there is no distance limit at which an opponent has to keep from the one making a catch—if the wings are following up fast they can stand right at the elbow of the catcher and block him as soon as he gets the ball, thus putting a run or a return out of the question. True, the catcher is given his kick, but the excitement of a dash is lost, and if the opponent is superior in kicking the catcher has no chance to even up by a run and a kick.

As to the "snap-back" it appears to be a useless formality. The centre puts the ball on the ground, no one being allowed to touch it or him, and simply throws it to the quarter, who passes it. This, they claim, is a great advance; but why the centre at all? Why not let the quarter pass directly? As to this part of the game there cer-

tainly seems to be something lost, and while our old scrimmage is faulty, a few changes might improve it and preserve a part of the game so long practised and which yields a great deal of interest entirely wanting to the "dead-



Jas. Milden, '05. Champion Annual Sports,  
October 8th, 1902.

sure" hand-out. Another feature to undoubtedly develop would be mass-bucking—this would surely be the tactics of a heavy team.

From the style of play which we saw, and also judging from the rules, the new game in its perfection would unquestionably call for fast men. In this respect we not only have to ask in regard to ourselves but likewise as to the other teams of the I.C.R.U., are they in a position to furnish such a team? Each can answer for itself.

In conclusion, we may sum up by saying that as the Burnside rules, in our opinion, produce a looser and not a more open game; that they give an undue disadvantage to the inferior team; That they prevent spectacular kicking and running; that the hand-out is a poor substitute for a scrimmage; and that the play calls for more specialized athletes. We, therefore,

feel justified in advising the retention of our old game and at the same time advising careful and judicial changes as circumstances and time call for, and that an endeavor should be made for a standard interpretation of rules.

We have the honor to be, sirs, your humble representatives,

G. B. McLENNAN,  
M. E. BRANSCOMBE.

#### THE GERMAN DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

A PART of the unprescribed work of the Modern Language department has for years been the preparation and presentation of a French or German play, at first confined to Honour students and acted in private. Two years ago a change was made when a German play was presented in Convocation Hall to a large audience. This year the same plan was followed, giving more prominence to the musical part of the programme, and those in charge have every reason to feel gratified at the result.

The entertainment took place on the evening of Dec. 18th, and was from all points of view a success. Part I of the programme was mainly musical, and under the direction of Mrs. Dobbs. It was much appreciated, judging from the applause with which each number was greeted. Miss Calvin gave a piano solo, from Liszt, entitled "Liebestraum." Misses Massie, Carrie Waldron, Mona Knight, and Mrs. J. M. Farrell rendered vocal selections. "Des Sangers Fluch" was recited by Miss Ida E. Hawes in an effective manner. Two choruses were noteworthy features of the programme, one the German National anthem—Die Wacht am Rhein—which possibly

at times lacked spirit, and a German version of our national anthem, "God Save the King." These were sung by the students and the ladies who took part in the musical programme.

The play, a one act society comedy, was performed by Misses L. Thompson, Williams, Jackson, McConkey, and Messrs. Foik, McGregor and Brydon. They are from the senior, preliminary and final honour classes, one being a graduate of last year's final class in German. It would be difficult to differentiate between their acting as each one seemed especially adapted to his or her particular part. For young amateurs, nearly all of whom appeared for the first time before a public audience, the performance might fairly be characterized as remarkably good; and especially when the fact is considered that they were speaking in a foreign tongue. They expressed themselves with great fluency. In fact, it is quite possible that they spoke too fluently for the great majority of the audience. But on the other hand a more measured utterance would have perhaps resembled a dictation exercise. In order to derive full benefit and pleasure from the performance, the play should have been read in advance, and we would suggest that in future cheap copies of the play presented be made available for this purpose.

The mastery of the language and the power of dramatic interpretation evinced would seem to indicate that the study of Modern Languages in Queen's is carried on according to proper and advanced methods, which aim first and foremost at the mastery of the language, and then of the literature, and what it implies through the language, the two being in fact necessary correlatives.

Such entertainments as this one are decidedly academic and in marked contrast to those indulged in at Queen's for some time back. This is, we hope, the herald of a better era.

There was a good audience in spite of the fact that a small entrance fee was charged and that everything was in German. It was by no means confined to the students. As the great majority of those having any knowledge of German may be supposed to have been present, it can be taken for granted that the culture evinced by a knowledge of German is spreading, not only in the University itself, but in Kingston, the University seat. The time is no doubt past when an education can be called "liberal" which does not include a tangible knowledge of German and French.

Convocation Hall is, of course, not adapted to dramatic representations, whether from the point of view of the actors or of the audience. The most was perhaps made of it on this occasion. The stage represented a drawing room, tastefully arranged. Bunting in the colors of the University and of Germany were used to curtain off the platform, while the Union Jack and our national colors were also in evidence.

## Exchanges.

THE Holiday number of *The Variety* appears between covers pleasantly suggestive of the white Xmas we love so well. Dr. Milligan contributes a short article on "University Training and the Christian Ministry." This is the eighth article of a series which began with "The University and the Legal Profession," and has run the gamut of Business, Journalism,

Industrial Chemistry, Medicine, Finance, Railroads. This looks like a happy method for giving unity to a college journal.

The *O. A. C. Review* for December is in all respects a creditable number. Its Christmas design is a wreath strongly suggestive of holly. The leading article, from the pen of Prof. Reynolds, is a review of the marvelous growth of the Ontario Agricultural College during recent years. Fine cuts of Massey Hall and Library and the new Biology-Physics building appear in connection with this article. Prof. Gamble also contributes an interesting article descriptive of the Lake District of England.

The first pages of the *Niagara Index* are appropriately devoted to thoughts of peace and goodwill to men. Subsequently, however, the demon of discord seems to have ousted these gracious thoughts, for we read as follows: "The *Niagara Index* is somewhat of a misnomer, for it has no index nor tables of contents of any kind." We submit the above as the *ne plus ultra* of asininity. It is a first-class credential for its writer, the ex-Man. of the *Acadia Athenaeum*, that will secure his admittance to any foolish factory in the land." Evidently the ex-Man. referred to troubled himself too much to answer, in this particular case, the question, What's in a name?

Turning to the *Acadia Athenaeum*, it looks like a quite sane publication. A contributor writing under the heading "A Literary Desert," quotes from the *Index* as follows: "The *Athenaeum* depends for its literary matter entirely upon old graduates, and cler-

gymen at that, and further, the only thing in the paper distinctively 'student' is the 'Locals' department, which reminds one of the joke column in a certain Chicago Sunday paper of no enviable reputation." The writer admits that this criticism comes so dangerously near the truth that any attempt to dispute it would be quite useless. His object in thus throwing down his arms seems to be to rally the students of Acadia to a more loyal support of the college publication. The current number of the *Athenaeum* is itself a sufficient answer to the criticism quoted above.

The *Smith College Monthly* for December is not specifically a Christmas number. The issue is characteristic-ally literary and serious; and the editors are evidently not taking holiday. As there are no men at Smith College the editorial staff of the *Monthly* is composed entirely of ladies, and this may account for the absence of jokes. The "Alumnae" department forbids us to forget that "alumnus" has a feminine equivalent in these aggressive days.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Death of Christ.* By James Denney, D.D. (Upper Canada Tract Society).

M R. Denney's book is a timely con-tribution to Christian thought on the significance of the death of Christ. Dr. Denney does not attempt any extended discussion of questions relating to literary or historical difficulties, but his scholarly style, as well as his assurance that these questions have been kept in view, goes a long way towards reassuring the reader. The authenticity and historicity of the

New Testament writings assumed, the author enters upon the task of proving that the key to N. T. theology is the idea of the Atonement in the vicarious or substitutionary sense. Beginning with the Baptism and the Temptations he shows that these find their true interpretation when Christ is viewed as the Servant of the Lord, according to Isaiah LIII. Then follows a discussion of our Lord's utterances with reference to the import of His mission, the result of which is a strong conclusion in favour of the substitutionary view. The argument that responsibility cannot be transferred, that Christ could not for moral reasons assume the obligations of man, is met by showing that propitiation is a mode of mediation. If it is said to be a contradiction of God's free love to the sinner that Christ's death should be made the ground of forgiveness, then it ought also to be said that God's free love is contradicted by Christ's suffering in any sense for the redemption of the world. It is true that in human relations responsibility cannot ordinarily be transferred, but when we discuss what God may or may not do in the matter of responsibility we enter upon another region and one in which hard and fast assertions may not be in place.

Passing from the synoptic gospels to the Book of Acts, Dr. Denney admits the critical difficulties involved in the opening chapters, but argues that they fairly represent primitive thinking, and that they establish (1) the divine necessity of Christ's death, and (2) the identification of the suffering Messiah with the Servant of the Lord in the Book of Isaiah. The language used in Acts with reference to the Sacraments, also contributes to the argument. The evidence of I. Peter is

found to be unmistakably in line with the soteriology of the synoptic gospels and with Acts.

Dr. Denney finds in the impassioned teaching of St. Paul a multitude of proofs for the view that the sacrificial death of Christ was a divine necessity, a *sine qua non* of man's approach to God. First, last and always, Paul preaches that Christ died to annul that which would otherwise stand between God and man, namely, the barrier of sin. The atonement is an objective reality, making access to God free and possible. If it is said that such an atonement is a contravention of God's love and his willingness to freely pardon sin, Dr. Denney replies that it is in this way that God defines his love, and in this sacrifice that he grounds free forgiveness. It is an immature idea that access to God is something presupposed; that sin is a barrier that can be brushed aside by the mere will of sinful man.

The chapter on the Epistle to the Hebrews is an excellent analysis of the essential significance of that book and its place in N. T. theology. The writer of the Epistle interprets the work of Christ in terms of the Jewish sacrificial system. The sacrificial ideas of the Jews were true ideas, whatever their historical origin may have been; they represent the universal human sense of sin and the desire to be rid of sin. It is not necessary to interpret the sacrifice of Christ in terms of Jewish sacrificial institutions, but it may be convenient to do so. What the sacrifices of a former time aimed at accomplishing but were unable to accomplish, the sacrifice of Christ accomplished once for all.

In the Johannine writings, Dr. Denney finds that the death of Christ oc-

copies a central place. The fourth gospel is not preoccupied with the exemplary life of Christ or with His office as revealer of the Father. Here, as elsewhere in the New Testament, Christ is above all the Redeemer; and though the writer does not undertake to give the rationale of it, His death is the redemption price. The Apocalypse and the first epistle also witness strongly to the same view.

Dr. Denney has many references in foot-notes to the writings of eminent British and German theologians, but these are not always quoted with approval.

It is refreshing to read work like Dr. Denney's, scholarly, earnest, logical, and free from grotesque efforts to get back of the plain sense of the texts. He wisely refrains from attempting an elaborate metaphysical discussion as to how Christ's sacrifice becomes effective for man; he is content to allow many fantastic questions to go unanswered. His work does, however, respond generously to our natural intellectual craving, and on this side, it can be unsatisfactory only to an intellect that would seek to scale inaccessible heights. Incidentally Dr. Denney throws much light on subsidiary questions that have been swept, so to speak, into the current of his thought. Altogether the book is a notable contribution to theological literature; and its virile English style will render it an acceptable piece of work even to those who cannot agree with the views set forth in its pages.

A book has recently appeared from the pen of Dr. Schofield, an eminent physician in the Old Land, which ought to do a great deal in overcoming the hold that Christian Science, Dowie-

ism and like quackeries, have over the public mind. It is not an attack on them directly at all, but is a frank acknowledgment that the medical profession has been to blame in leaving so wide a field open to quacks. In other words it recognizes the truth in the midst of all the falsehood, the truth that gives these peculiar notions their vitality, and hold upon the popular imagination.

We hear a great deal about Christian Science and meet its followers everywhere, and strange to say, instead of lunatics we often find cultivated men and women, intelligent and well-educated people. One naturally begins to ask the question which nearly always brings out the truth in a theory, 'What makes them think so?' It is not reason that does it; for you may prove to an Eddyite that he is mistaken, and he will say, 'I don't know how it is or why it is, but I know it's true, anyway.' He has been healed; and probably if we went through the same experience we too would be likely to cling to a belief that had produced such marvellous results. Of course a Christian Scientist will remember the cures and ignore the failures, or set them down to other causes, and some criticisms one reads have the same fault—they ignore the cures and remember only the failures. Unfortunately, there are quite a few of both, so that it is seldom that one hears a sane defense or a sane criticism of any of these quackeries. Dowie flourishes because Dowie has in certain cases healed. The shrine of St. Anne De Beaupre is thronged because the good St. Anne has in certain cases healed, and no amount of reasoning will convince a man that such things cannot be when by his own experience he has proved their reality.

Dr. Schofield deals with these illusions in the proper way by accepting the facts of cures and failures and finding a reason for both. This seems the only way to stop the spread of all such vagaries and preserve our innocent public from being gulled. Recognize the truth in the theory and you will have a chance to reveal the falsehood. Eddyism, Dowieism, and all similar disorders are crude attempts to explain certain facts, and until doctors give a better explanation, we should be careful not to condemn too harshly those who give their faith to these quasi-religious fantasies. Dr. Schofield's book is along this line, and to a layman seems a sane and reasonable explanation of the phenomena of faith healing generally, and the extent to which it should be admitted in practice.

#### AN UNFAIR CHARGE.

AS a general rule, the relations of the student body of Queen's to the citizens of Kingston are of the most cordial nature. The presence of the College and students is regarded by all the people as a great benefit to the city; while, on the other hand, the students look upon the citizens as friends of their Alma Mater and of themselves personally as well, so that, almost invariably, mutual courtesy and good feeling prevail. But, unfortunately, there is an occasional exception, as is evidenced by an article which appeared in the *Kingston Times* of a recent date, for which we can see no possible justification, and which we think we can fairly claim exceeds the limits of the truth. The paper referred to (by no means remarkable for intellectual gravity or the sanity of its judgment) was established a few years ago

by a member of the ministry who, evidently dissatisfied with the moral status of the city, and the means taken by the other dailies to elevate it, left the active work of the church, to give to his reformatory genius a larger scope and greater opportunity for ushering in the millenial age of purity and perfection. And the methods employed for this purpose are such as might naturally be expected, and of which the article quoted below is a very fair example. The following is an exact reprint of the article as it was transcribed in the columns of the *Toronto Telegram* of Dec. 20th, 1902:

"Those who believe in temperance might find a comparatively large field for their efforts among Queen's students just now. For some reason drinking is on the increase within their ranks. It is not at all uncommon to see students under the influence of liquor in the saloons, at banquets, and even on the public streets. It may be that the local university is not peculiar in this respect among sister universities. But we submit that the exhibit is unseemly, is fraught with danger to those addicted to the drink habit, and to others, too, from contact with them. Parents who send their sons away from home for an education should have a reasonable certainty that they will be, as far as possible, safeguarded from a temptation before which thousands of young men in this country go down to degradation yearly."

This is the statement copied word for word. Let us consider how it compares with the facts of the case, or the truth of the principles advocated. In the first place we may say that Queen's students are a self-governing body, and that this liberty is granted them by the Senate. If, therefore, it

seems advisable in the eyes of such an able intellectual body of men to allow the students the right to administer their own affairs, we contend that they ought surely to be able to do so without the unnecessary and uncalled-for interference of the proverbial temperance crank whom the proprietor of the *Times* is so anxious to set to work among a class in the community who are, we believe, quite able to decide and act on their own initiative. We are thoroughly in sympathy with every legitimate method for the promotion of temperance and moderation, but if there is one person devoutly to be shunned it is the ubiquitous 'world-reformer,' that intolerable bore, whose creed usually consists of an interminable category of laborious "Thou shalt nots" instead of the one positive "Thou shalt." But people are not under the influence of traditional prejudices as once they were. They are beginning to realize that life in its ultimate analysis is purely personal and accountable for its actions to no self-appointed critic of the public morals. They are beginning to think for themselves, and with the advance of individual responsibility slowly but surely is passing away the day of the carping fault-finder who, because the world does not wag to suit his particular fancy, turns pessimist and communicates to his fellow-men the sad intelligence that they are journeying along, via the "primrose path" that leads "to the everlasting bonfire." As students of a College that stands for liberty and strong, manly self-reliance, we resent this insinuation on the part of the *Times* that we are not capable of looking after our own interests.

And then, passing on, we come to

another startling assertion, viz., that the drink habit is on the increase among the students. In this case we simply maintain that this is complete misrepresentation of the facts, and we are very much in doubt as to whether the writer could produce statistics or any other tangible evidence in confirmation of his statement. But even granting, for the moment, that it might possibly contain an element of truth, we would not consider such a phenomenon accountable; for the habitual reading of such a paper as the *Kingston Times* would surely drive a man to slake his thirst with something more enduring in its effects than  $H_2O$ . But we believe that paper has made a mistake and rather that, in proportion to their numbers, less liquor is consumed by the students now than ever before. Of course we do not make the absurd claim that every one is a total abstainer; we admit that there are some amongst us who are addicted to excessive imbibing, and for whose misconduct the whole student body is censured. But what we do claim is that, in proportion to the growth of the College, the temperance of the students is equal to, if not greater than, that of their predecessors; and the present writer is not speaking from prejudice or hearsay but he knows something of the facts. Who that remembers Queen's five or six years ago but does not know that there has been a marked improvement within the last few sessions? And we are of the opinion that if the *Times* were more familiar with the actual state of affairs it would be more reticent about inserting a remark so injurious to the reputation of an institution of which it should be proud. Take as a single instance which we think will suffice, the stu-

dents in the faculty of Applied Science whose conduct, taken as a whole, is most creditable to their Alma Mater. Six years ago next April the first degree of B.Sc. was granted. At present there are about one hundred students registered in Science. How does the proprietor of the *Times* propose to adjust his scale and figure out, even approximately, how the moral attributes of these one hundred, more or less, compare with those of the first graduate?

Two faculty dinners were recently held by the students in Science and Medicine, respectively. The former of these was conducted on a thoroughly temperate basis and comparatively little drinking was indulged in. The next evening's proceedings were somewhat different, and we are prepared to admit that perhaps a little more moderation would have been more in keeping with the demands of strict propriety. But the article referred to appeared several days before either of these functions, so that the writer, unless gifted with an unusual measure of prophetic foresight, could not have been dependent for his material on what took place at them. And, furthermore, we insist that even if these annual dinners were characterized by a far greater degree of indulgence than is usually the case, it would be false to say that what happens once a year could be regarded as a common occurrence. And we take the liberty of asking "How many fair-minded citizens, seeing a very small percentage of the students (and there are about seven hundred boys in College) in this pitiable state, would call it 'not at all uncommon to see students under the influence of liquor in the saloons, at

banquets, or even on the public streets?'"

The *Times* goes on to say that perhaps Queen's is not peculiar in this respect, but we submit that this has simply nothing to do with the question. If the students of this University are offenders, no justification can be made by appealing to comparisons with other colleges. We desire to stand on our own feet and ask only fair-handed justice from those who profess to be in a position to criticize our actions.

The article concludes with a sentence with the sentiment of which we are thoroughly in accord. If those preceding it were of a similar strain we would gladly give them our support. We firmly believe that students coming to college should be safeguarded from the temptations that meet them here. But there are various methods of doing this and we contend that the best way is by instilling in the youthful minds admiration for all that is pure and noble and a love for high ideals. The most effective reformatory agencies are not those of outward restraint and necessity, and measures of a like kind advocated by other similarly short-sighted exponents of a certain section of public opinion, and the sooner the people of Ontario realize this fact the better it will be. If the student, in his early days, has learned the lesson of letting his mind and affections dwell on those things which go to build up sturdy, upright, independent characters, there need be little fear that his conduct, when he comes to college, will bring discredit on his early training, even though he break not the world's record in his haste to renew his subscription to the *Daily Times*.

In conclusion we can only say that

we regret exceedingly that such an article should have found its way into one of the city papers which are usually kindly disposed toward the students. It has been given space in several prominent dailies of this province, and has also penetrated into the country to the south. We desire to protest against the opinions expressed, as their diffusion cannot but bring a stain upon the fair name of our beloved Alma Mater. And we lay down the pen with the remark that if, as is claimed, there is a sphere for the temperance enthusiast among the students of Queen's, there seems to us to be likewise an opening for a fair-minded, reasonable, anti-fanatic lover of justice in the office of the *Kingston Times*.

#### THE THEATRE.

THE productions that have visited the Grand since our last issue cannot exactly be termed of the Henry Irving quality. On Saturday, Dec. 20th, afternoon and evening, the old English society drama "Caste" was presented to neither extremely large nor interested audiences. The eight people of the company found no difficulty in getting on the stage all at once; in fact after they had all faced the foot-lights there was still enough room left to accommodate the artificial 'baby' which was about as inane a piece of dramatic representation as it has ever been our lot to witness. The cast was by no means of more than average ability. Taken as a whole, the performance was anything but a brilliant one, and it is difficult to see how plays of such an inferior class obtain the flattering press notes they usually do.

On Xmas day two performances were given of "Smart Set," the company presenting it evidently belonging to the same nationality as Queen's veteran athletic trainer. So far as we were able to learn, it took the form of a variety show, in which there were some good features, and others less worthy of note. The singing was of a high order, particularly the male quartette, but apart from that no exceptionally first-class theatrical work could be expected from the natives of the "Sunny South."

Lastly, on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst., the four act comedy drama, "Sweet Clover," was presented by a very fair company, although it must be said that Blanche Hall, who appears as Lois, is scarcely to be classed with Adelaide Thurston, who took the same role last season. The play is of the "Old Homestead" variety and consists of a representation of some scenes incidental to the rural life of Jerome Holcombe and his daughter Lois. The company, who acquitted themselves in a creditable manner, were greeted by a large house, and to the spectators to whom this class of performance appeals, the evening's entertainment was a welcome and refreshing treat.

The annual city concert of the various musical clubs of the College is to be given at the Opera House on Friday, the 23rd inst. The members have been practising faithfully in order to guarantee a successful evening, and the JOURNAL trusts that the lovers of music will turn out in force. At present the clubs are taking a short tour, preparatory to the grand finale of the season.



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## Educational Department Calendar

*January :*

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY.  
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect.
5. High, Public and Separate Schools open. Truant Officers' reports to Department due.
7. First meeting of rural School Trustees. Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools.
12. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils.
13. Clerk of Municipality to be notified by Separate School Supporters of their withdrawal.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department due.  
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerk and Inspector.
15. Trustees' annual Reports to Inspectors due.  
Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due.  
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance, to Department, due.
16. Annual Report of Separate Schools, to Department, due.
20. Provincial Normal Schools open (First Session).
21. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns, and incorporated villages.
27. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils.

*February :*

4. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.
28. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Department, due.  
Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.  
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations, to Department, due.  
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk.

*March :*

31. Night Schools close (Session 1902-1903).

*April :*

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc. of population, to Department, due.
9. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
10. GOOD FRIDAY.
13. EASTER MONDAY.
14. Annual meeting of the Ontario Education Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools due, (Session 1902-1903).

*N.B.—Departmental Examination Papers for past years may be obtained from the Carswell Publishing Company, No. 30 Adelaide Street, E., Toronto.*



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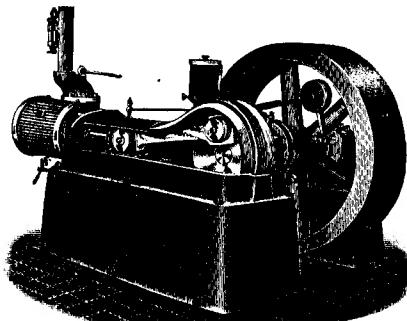
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